

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_172073

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

Longmans' Class-Books of English Literature

SELECTION OF POETRY

FOR SCHOOLS

EDITED BY

JOHN THORNTON, M.A.

NEW IMPRESSION

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS .

1920

PREFACE.

THE following pages are intended to supply in the space available a selection of poetry suitable for pupils of from twelve to fifteen years of age. All the pieces chosen are believed to be worth learning by heart. A chronological order of the authors quoted has been followed. The full meaning of some of the passages will not be gathered at first, but as a pupil's experience of the world widens, the deeper meaning will come to be felt and the remembrance of them will add at intervals a pleasure and zest to life. Brief notes have been added to most of the poems mainly to explain allusions or difficulties of meanings. Short biographies of each of the poets quoted are also given. The sincere thanks of the Editor and publishers are tendered for permission to include a certain number of copyright poems—to the representatives of Mr. Alfred Austin for *In Praise of England* and *Is Life Worth Living*; to Sir Henry Newbolt and Mr. Elkin Mathews for *Admirals All* and *Vitaï Lampada*; to Mr. Alfred Noyes for the stanzas from *When Spring comes back to England*; to Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Messrs. Methuen for *The Recessional*; and to Sir Owen Seaman and the Proprietors of *Punch* for the verses on *Captain Scott and his Gallant Comrades*.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. Orpheus	<i>W. Shakespeare</i> . 1
II. Hark, hark! The Lark	,, . 1
III. Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind . .	,, . 2
IV. The Seven Ages of Man (from <i>As You Like It</i>)	,, . 2
V. Moonlight Music (from <i>The Merchant of Venice</i>)	,, . 3
VI. Henry V. before Agincourt (from <i>Henry V.</i>)	,, . 4
VII. My Mind to Me a Kingdom is . .	<i>E. Dyer</i> . 6
VIII. Hymn to Diana	<i>B. Jonson</i> . 7
IX. To Daffodils	<i>R. Herrick</i> . 8
X. Song on May Morning	<i>John Milton</i> . 9
XI. On his Blindness	,, . 9
XII. Lines from L'Allegro	,, . 10
XIII. Lines from Il Penseroso	,, . 11
XIV. The Praise of Poetry	<i>A. Cowley</i> . 12
XV. Song for St. Cecilia's Day . . .	<i>John Dryden</i> . 13
XVI. Character of the Duke of Buckingham	,, . 15
XVII. The Art of Versification, (from <i>Pope's Essay on Criticism</i>)	<i>Alexander Pope</i> . 16
XVIII. Rule, Britannia	<i>James Thomson</i> . 18
XIX. Elegy written in a Country Churchyard	<i>T. Gray</i> . 19
XX. How Sleep the Brave	<i>William Collins</i> . 23
XXI. The Village Preacher and the Village Schoolmaster	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> 24

	PAGE
XXII. The Warrior's Ambition (from the <i>Vanity of Human Wishes</i>)	Samuel Johnson . 26
XXIII. Knowledge and Wisdom	William Cowper . 28
XXIV. England, with all Thy Faults	" . 29
XXV. A Man's a Man for a' That	Robert Burns . 30
XXVI. Auld Lang Syne	" . 31
XXVII. Daffodils at Ulleswater	Wm. Wordsworth . 32
XXVIII. Nature (from <i>Lines written above</i> <i>Tintern Abbey</i>)	" . 33
XXIX. The World is too much with us	" . 34
XXX. To a Skylark	" . 35
XXXI. My Native Land	Sir Walter Scott . 36
XXXII. Pitt.	" . 36
XXXIII. Kubla Khan; or, a Vision in a Dream	S. T. Coleridge . 37
XXXIV. Ye Mariners of England	T. Campbell . 39
XXXV. Battle of the Baltic	" . 40
XXXVI. The Harp that once through Tara's Halls	Thomas Moore . 42
XXXVII. The Light of Other Days 43
XXXVIII. The Destruction of Sennacherib's Host	Lord Byron . 44
XXXIX. The Dying Gladiator (from <i>Childe</i> <i>Harold</i>)	" . 45
XL. The Ocean	" . 46
XLI. The Burial of Sir John Moore	C. Wolfe . 48
XLII. The Cloud	P. B. Shelley . 49
XLIII. Music and Memory	" . 52
XLIV. Ode to a Skylark	" . 52
XLV. Beauty	John Keats . 56
XLVI. Ode to Autumn	" . 56
XLVII. On first looking into Chapman's Homer	" . 58
XLVIII. Horatius at the Bridge	Lord Macaulay . 58
XLIX. Excelsior	H. W. Longfellow . 65
L. Blow, Bugle, Blow	Lord Tennyson . 67
LI. The Bells (from <i>In Memoriam</i>)	" . 67

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
LII. The Charge of the Light Brigade <i>Lord Tennyson</i>	69
LIII. A View of the Future (from <i>Locksley Hall</i>) „	71
LIV. Ulysses „	71
LV. Break, Break, Break „	74
LVI. Home-Thoughts from Abroad <i>Robert Browning</i>	74
LVII. Helen's Tower „	75
LVIII. Say not, the Struggle naught availeth <i>A. H. Clough</i>	76
LIX. The Forsaken Merman <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	76
LX. Shakespeare „	81
LXI. Quiet Work „	81
LXII. Keepsake Mill <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	82
LXIII. In Praise of England <i>Alfred Austin</i>	83
LXIV. Is Life worth living? „	84
LXV. Admirals All <i>Henry Newbolt</i>	88
LXVI. Vita! Lampada „	90
LXVII. When Spring comes back to Eng- land <i>Alfred Noyes</i>	91
LXVIII. Playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe „	92
LXIX. Recessional <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	93
LXX. In Memoriam: Captain Scott, R.N. <i>Owen Seaman</i>	95
Notes	96
Short Biographies	113
Index of First Lines	119

I.

ORPHEUS.

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing ;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring. 5

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art, 10
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

II.

HARK, HARK! THE LARK.

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin 5
To ope their golden eyes :
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise :
Arise, arise.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

III.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then heigh ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly. 5
 10
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then heigh ho, the holly ;
 This life is most jolly. 15
 20

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

IV.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

(From *As You Like It*.)

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant, 5
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad 10
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice, 15
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon, 20
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, 25
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

V.

MOONLIGHT MUSIC.

(From *The Merchant of Venice*.)

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven 5
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims ;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ; 10
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VI.

HENRY V BEFORE AGINCOURT.

Enter the King.

Westmoreland. O that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day !
King Henry. What's he that wishes so ?
 My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin : 5
 If we are marked to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss : and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, 10
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires ;
 But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive. 15
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
 God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more !
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host, 20

That he that hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in *that* man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us. 25
This day is called the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age, 30
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, " To-morrow is Saint Crispian : "
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, " These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot, 35
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day ; then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, 40
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered ;
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered 45
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England now a-bed 50
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day. *

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VII.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My mind to me a kingdom is, Such present joys therein I find, That it excels all other bliss That earth affords or grows by kind : Though much I want which most would have Yet still my mind forbids to crave.	5
No princely pomp, no wealthy store, No force to win the victory, No wily wit to salve a sore, No shape to feed a loving eye ; To none of these I yield as thrall, For why ? my mind doth serve for all.	10
I see how plenty surfeits oft, And hasty climbers soon do fall ; I see that those which are aloft Mishap doth threaten most of all ; They get with toil, they keep with fear : Such cares my mind could never bear.	15
Content to live, this is my stay ; I seek no more than may suffice ; I press to bear no haughty sway ; Look, what I lack my mind supplies : Lo ! thus I triumph like a king, Content with that my mind doth bring.	20
Some have too much, yet still do crave ; I little have, and seek no more. They are but poor, though much they have, And I am rich with little store ; They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ; They lack, I leave ; they pine, I live.	25 30

I laugh not at another's loss ;
 I grudge not at another's gain ;
 No worldly waves my mind can toss ;
 My state at one doth still remain :
 I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ; 35
 I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will ;
 Their treasure is their only trust ;
 A cloak'd craft their store of skill : 40
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease :
 My conscience clear my chief defence ;
 I neither seek by bribes to please, 45
 Nor by deceit to breed offence :
 Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;
 Would all did so as well as I !

—EDWARD DYER.

VIII.

HYMN TO DIANA.

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep :
 Hesperus entreats thy light, 5
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close : 10

Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart 15
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night—
Goddess excellently bright.
—B. JONSON.

IX.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon. 5
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along. 10
We have short time to stay, as you ;
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die 15
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again. 20
—R. HERRICK.

X.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire 5

Mirth, and youth, and warm desire !

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,

And welcome thee, and wish thee long. 10

—JOHN MILTON.

XI.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent

Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,

And that one talent which is death to hide

Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5

My true account, lest He, returning, chide ;

“ Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ? ”

I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies : “ God doth not need

Either man's work, or His own gifts. Who best 10

Bea? His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state

Is kingly : thousands at His bidding speed,

And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;

They also serve who only stand and wait.”

—JOHN MILTON.

XII.

LINES FROM L'ALLEGRO.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee Jest, and youthful Jollity, Quips and cranks and wanton wiles, Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles, Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,	5
And love to live in dimple sleek ; Sport that wrinkled Care derides, And Laughter holding both his sides. Come, and trip it, as you go, On the light fantastic toe ;	10
And in thy right hand lead with thee The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ; And, if I give thee honour due, Mirth, admit me of thy crew, To live with her, and live with thee,	15
In unprovèd pleasures free ; To hear the lark begin his flight, And, singing, startle the dull night, From his watch-tower in the skies, Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;	20
Then to come, in spite of sorrow, And at my window bid good-morrow, Through the sweet-briar or the vine, Or the twisted eglantine ; While the cock, with lively din,	25
Scatters the rear of darkness thin ; And to the stack, or the barn-door, Stoutly struts his dames before : Oft listening how the hounds and horn Cheery rouse the slumbering morn,	30
From the side of some hoar hill, Through the high wood echoing shrill :	

Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green, 35
 Right against the eastern gate
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land, 40
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures, 45
 Whilst the landskip round it measures :
 Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest ; 50
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied ;
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies, 55
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

—JOHN MILTON.

XIII.

LINES FROM "IL PENNEROSO"

But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowèd roof,
 With antique pillars massy-proof,
 And storied windows richly dight, 5
 Casting a dim religious light.

There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear, 10
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell, 15
 Where I may sit and rightlly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew ;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain. 20
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

—JOHN MILTON.

XIV.

THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,
 Though high as our ambition
 'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
 Give life to th' ashes of a man,
 But verses only ; they shall fresh appear 5
 Whilst there are men to read or hear,
 When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
 And eat the pyramid away,
 Turning that monument wherein men trust
 Their names to what it keeps, poor dust ; 10
 Then shall the epitaph remain, and be
 New graven in eternity.
 Poets by death are conquer'd, but the wit
 Of poe's triumphs over it.

What cannot verse ? When Thracian Orpheus took 15
 His lyre, and gently on it strook,
 The learned stones came dancing all along,
 And kept time to the charming song.
 With artificial pace the warlike pine,
 The elm and his wife the ivy twine, 20
 With all the better trees which erst had stood
 Unmov'd forsook their native wood.
 The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
 Craving the honour of his brow ;
 And ev'ry loving arm embrac'd, and made 25
 With their officious leaves a shade.
 The beasts, too, strove his auditors to be,
 Forgetting their old tyranny :
 The fearful hart next to the lion came,
 And the wolf was shepherd to the lamb. 30
 Nightingales, harmless sirens of the air,
 And muses of the place, were there ;
 Who, when their little windpipes they had found
 Unequal to so strange a sound,
 O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire, 35
 And fell upon the conqu'ring lyre.
 Happy, O happy they ! whose tomb might be,
 Mausolus ! envied by thee !

—ABRAHAM COWLEY.

XV.

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
 This universal frame began :
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay
 And could not heave her head, 5
 The tuneful voice was heard from high
 Arise, ye more than dead !

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey. 16

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man. 15

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound. 20

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor 25
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.

The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum 30
Cries " Hark ! the foes come ;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat ! "

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers, 35
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,

Depth of pains, and height of passion 40
For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre ;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher :
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared
 Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays 55
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above ;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

XVI.

CHARACTER OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand, ,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long, 5
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual themes, 10
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man with him was god or devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert. 15
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate
 He laughed himself from court ; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
 For, spite of him, the weight of business fell 20
 On Absalom, and wise Achitophel :
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left

—JOHN DRYDEN.

XVII.

THE ART OF VERSIFICATION.

(From Pope's *Essay on Criticism*.)

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong.
 In the bright Muse, though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear, 5
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join, 10
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line ;
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes.
 Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line it " whispers through the trees " ; 15
 If crystal streams " with pleasing murmurs creep "
 The reader's threatened (not in vain) with " sleep " ;
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song 20
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow,
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join. 25
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learnt to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ;
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows, 30
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar ;
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow ; 35
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

XVIII.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at Heaven's command
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of her land,
 And guardian angels sang the strain :
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves :
 Britons never will be slaves. 5

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all. 10

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bend thee down 15
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ; 20
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine !

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crowned . 25
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Ru'e, Britannia, rule the waves :
 Britons never will be slaves.

—JAMES THOMSON.

XIX.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

15

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ; 30
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,— 35
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll. 50
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air. 55

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood. 60

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone 65
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life 75
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet, e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, 85
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ; 90
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured Dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led, 95
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. 100

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, 105
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love,

“ One morn I missed him on the customary hill,
 Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree ; 110
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

“ The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him borne.
 Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the lay, 115
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark’d him for her own. 120

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gain’d from Heaven, ’twas all he wish’d, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, 125
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

—T. GRAY.

XX.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE!

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country’s wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5
 Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ; 10
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

—WILLIAM COLLINS.

XXI.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER AND THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

(From *The Deserted Village*.)

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild—
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear, 5
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ; 10
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest, 15
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away, 20

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan, 25
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ; 30
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid, 35
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise. 40

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man, 45
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress ; 50
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, 55
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school : 60
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee 65
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ; 70
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge ;
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill, 75
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew. 80

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XXII.

THE WARRIOR'S AMBITION.

(From *The Vanity of Human Wishes*.)

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide.

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain, 5
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign : 10
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charm in vain,
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state, 15
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost ;
He comes ; nor want nor cold his course delay :—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day ! 20
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend ? 25
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ; 30
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

XXIII.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
 Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass, 5
 The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
 Till smooth'd and squared and fitted to its place,
 Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much ;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more. 10
 Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
 By which the magic art of shrewder wits
 Holds an unthinking multitude enthral'd.
 Some to the fascination of a name
 Surrender judgment, hoodwink'd. Some the style 15
 Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
 Of error leads them, by a tune entranced ;
 While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
 The insupportable fatigue of thought,
 And swallowing therefore without pause or choice 20
 The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
 But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
 And sheepwalks populous with bleating lambs,
 And lanes in which the primrose, ere her time, 25
 Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,
 Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and Truth,
 Not shy as in the world, and to be won
 By slow solicitation, seize at once
 The roving thought, and fix it on themselves. 30

—WILLIAM COWPER.

XXIV.

ENGLAND, WITH ALL THY FAULTS.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deformed 5
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers. 10
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart 15
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense, 20
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all-essenced o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet,
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight,—when such as these 25
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children; praise enough 30
To fill the ambition of a private man,

That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

—WILLIAM COWPER.

XXV.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty, That hangs his head, and a' that ! The coward slave, we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that ! For a' that, and a' that,	5
Our toils obscure, and a' that ! The rank is but the guinea stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.	
 What though on hamely fare we dine, Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ; Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that ! For a' that, and a' that,	10
Their tinsel show, and a' that, The honest man, though e'er sae poor, Is king o' men for a' that !	15
 You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord, Wha struts, and stares, and a' that, Though hundreds worship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that ! For a' that, and a' that,	20
His riband, star, and a' that, The man of independent mind, He looks and laughs at a' that.	

- A prince can mak' a belted knight, 25
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man 's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that ;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that, 30
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that !
- Then let us pray that come it may—
 As come it will for a' that—
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, 35
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's comin' yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brithers be for a' that ! 40
- ROBERT BURNS.

XXVI.

AULD LANG SYNE.

- Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne ?
Chorus—
 For auld lang syne, my dear, 5
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
- We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pou'd the gowans fine ; 10
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne. 15

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere !
 And gie's a hand o' thine !
 And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
 For auld lang syne. 20

—ROBERT BURNS.

XXVII.

DAFFODILS AT ULLESWATER.

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden Daffodils ;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. 5

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. 10

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :—
 A Poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company :
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought. 15

For oft when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the Daffodils.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

XXVIII.

NATURE.

(From *Lines written above Tintern Abbey.*)

These beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
 But, oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
 Of kindness and of love.

.
 For I have learned
 To look on Nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing often times
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy

Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air, 25
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

.
 And this prayer I make, 30
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy : for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress 35
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life, 40
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

XXIX.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ; 5
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;

For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ; 10
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

XXX.

TO A SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
 Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will, 5
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
 Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain
 —'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain : 10
 Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
 All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood :
 A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood 15
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine :
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam—
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

XXXI.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

“ This is my own, my native land ” ?
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burn’d,
As home his footsteps he hath turn’d,

5

From wandering on a foreign strand ?
It such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour’d, and unsung.

10

15

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e’er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand !

20

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXXII.

PITT.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripp’d of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,

Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
 When fraud or danger were at hand ;
 By thee, as by the beacon-light, 5
 Our pilots had kept course aright ;
 As some proud column, though alone,
 Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne :
 Now is the stately column broke,
 The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke, 10
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill !

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXXIII.

KUBLA KHAN ; OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.

A Fragment.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree :
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea. 5
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round :
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills, 10
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
 A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted 15
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst 20

Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river. 25
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far 30
 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves. 35
 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
 A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw :
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played, 40
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
 That with music loud and long, 45
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair ! 50
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

XXXIV.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England,
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again 5
To match another foe ;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow. 10

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell, 15
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow. 20

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak, 25
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow. 30

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors ! 35
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow. 40
 —THOMAS CAMPBELL.

XXXV.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ; 5
 By each gun the lighted brand
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat 10
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line :
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :
 As they drifted on their path 15
 There was silence deep as death ;
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ; 20
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
“ Hearts of oak ! ” our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships, 25
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane 30
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or in conflagration pale 35
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :— 40
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.” 45

Then Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,

As death withdrew his shades from the day : 50
 While the sun look'd smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise ! 55
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine cup shines in light ;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep 60
 Full many a fathom deep
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true, 65
 On the deck of fame that died
 With the gallant good Riou :
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls
 And the mermaid's song condoles 70
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

XXXVI.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.—

- So sleeps the pride of former days, 5
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.
- No more to chiefs and ladies bright 10
 The harp of Tara swells ;
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks, 15
 To show that still she lives.

—THOMAS MOORE.

XXXVII.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

- Oft in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me :
 The smiles, the tears 5
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken ! 10
 Thus in the stilly'night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.
- When I remember all 15
 The friends so link'd together

I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone 20
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !
 Thus in the stilly night 25
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

—THOMAS MOORE.

XXXVIII.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S HOST.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green, 5
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ; 10
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, 15
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown. 20

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !
 —LORD BYRON.

XXXIX.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

(From *Childe Harold*.)

I see before me the Gladiator lie :
 He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow 5
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who
 won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes 10
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay ;
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire, 15
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday,—
 All this rush'd with his blood.—Shall he expire •
 And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !
 —LORD BYRON.

XL.

THE OCEAN.

- There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more, 5
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
- Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll ! 10
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own, 15
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffined, and unknown.
- His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields 20
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, quivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies 25
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him 'ay.
- The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals, 30
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war :
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar 35
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee ;
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters washed them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey 40
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
 Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
 Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now. 45

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempest ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime— 50
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy 55
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear, 60
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

—LORD BYRON.

XLI.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night, 5
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ; 10
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead, 15
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow ! 20

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done 25
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ; 30
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.
 —C. WOLFE.

XLII.

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
 From the seas and the streams ;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken 5
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under ; 10
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white, 15
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
 Lightning, my pilot, sits ;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits. 20

Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
 This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the Genii that move
In the depth of the purple sea ;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills, 25
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead :
As on the jag of a mountain crag 35
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath
Its ardours of rest and of love, 40
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden, 45
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear, 50
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent, 55
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl ; 60
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,— 65
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ; 70
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ; 75
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air, 80
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

XLIII.

MUSIC AND MEMORY.

Music, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory ;
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.
 Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead, 5
 Are heap'd for the beloved's bed ;
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

XLIV.

ODE TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. 5

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied Joy whose race is just begun. 15

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight : 20

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. 25

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd. 30

What thou art we know not ;
 What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody. 35

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not ; 40

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower : 45

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view : 50

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves. 55

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass. 60

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 65

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 70

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ? 75

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ? 85

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 95

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground ! 100

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now ! 105

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

XLV.

BEAUTY.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing. 5
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways 10
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils 15
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms ;
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms 20
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

—JOHN KEATS.

XLVI.

ODE TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;

Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees, 5
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease, 10
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen Thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ; 15
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ; 20
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Aye, where are they ?
Think not of them—thou hast thy music too
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day, 25
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn : 30
Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—JOHN KEATS.

- And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers, 15
And the temples of his Gods ?
- “Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play. 20
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ?”
- Then out spake Spurius Lartius ; 25
A Ramnian proud was he :
“Lo ! I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.”
And out spake strong Herminius ;
Of Titian blood was he : 30
“I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.”
- “Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
“As thou sayest, so let it be.”
And straight against that great array 35
Forth went the dauntless three ;
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old. 40
:
- Now, while the three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe ;

And Fathers mixed with commons, 45
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile, the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold, 50
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee, 55
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent 60
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose ;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array ; 65
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way ;

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath : 70
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth :
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust ;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms 75
Clashed in the bloody dust.

- But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose. 80
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.
- But hark! the cry is Astur : 85
And lo! the ranks divide ;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield, 90
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.
- He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high ;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans, 95
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay :
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way ?" 100
- Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius 105
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow. 110

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space ;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet 115
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke 120
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread ;
And the pale augurs, muttering low, 125
Gaze on the blasted head.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack :
But those behind cried " Forward ! "
And those before cried " Back ! " 130
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel ;
And the victorious trumpet-peal 135
Dies fitfully away.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide. 140
" Come back, come back, Horatius ! "
Loud cried the Fathers all.
" Back, Lartius ! Back, Herminius !
Back, ere the ruin fall ! "

- Back darted Spurius Lartius ; 145
Herminius darted back ;
And as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore 150
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.
- But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck 155
Lay right athwart the stream ;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam. 160
- Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him !” cried false Sextus, 165
With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”
- Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ; 170
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river 175
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

- "Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day!" 180
 So he spake, and speaking sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.
- No sound of joy or sorrow 185
 Was heard from either bank;
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;
 And when above the surges 190
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.
- But fiercely ran the current, 195
 Swollen high by months of rain:
 And fast his blood was flowing;
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armour,
 And spent with changing blows: 200
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.
- "Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
 "Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day 205
 We should have sacked the town!"
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
 "And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before." 210

And now he feels the bottom ;
 Now on dry earth he stands ;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands ;
 • And now, with shouts and clapping, 215
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the river-gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

—LORD MACAULAY.

XLIX.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 “Excelsior!” 5

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 “Excelsior!” 10

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
 Above, the spectral glacier shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 “Excelsior!” 15

“Try not the Pass!” the old man said ;
 “Dark lowers the tempest overhead ;
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 “Excelsior!” 20

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
"Excelsior!" 25

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night.
A voice replied, far up the height,
"Excelsior!" 30

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
"Excelsior!" 35

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior!" 40

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
"Excelsior!" 45

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

L.

BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW.

The splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story :
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, 5
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing ! 10
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river :
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul, 15
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
 —LORD TENNYSON.

LI.

THE BELLS.

(From *In Memoriam*.)

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
 The year is dying in the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

- Ring out the old, ring in the new, 5
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
 The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
- Ring out the grief that saps the mind, 10
 For those that here we see no more ;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
- Ring out a slowly dying cause, 15
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
- Ring out the want, the care, the sin, 20
 The faithless coldness of the times ;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
- Ring out false pride in place and blood, 25
 The civic slander and the spite ;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
- Ring out old shapes of foul disease, 30
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
- Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—LORD TENNYSON.

LII.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns !” he said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred. 5

II.

“Forward, the Light Brigade !”
Was there a man dismay’d ?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Some one had blunder’d :
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred. 10 15

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley’d and thunder’d ;
Storm’d at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred. 20 25

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while 30
 All the world wonder'd :
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro' the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke 35
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them, 40
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well 45
 Came thro' the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade ? 50
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred ! 55

—LORD TENNYSON.

LIII.

A VIEW OF THE FUTURE.

(From *Locksley Hall*.)

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would
be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a 5
ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing
warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-
storm ;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags
were furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world. 10

—LORD TENNYSON.

I.IV.

ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,

That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. 5
 I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
 Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all ; 15
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met ;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades 20
 For ever and for ever when I move
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me 25
 Little remains : but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this grey spirit yearning in desire 30
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
 This is my son, mine own Telamachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere

Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
 There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; 50
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep 55
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho' 65
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70

—LORD TENNYSON.

LV.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy, 5
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on 10
 To their haven under the hill ;
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead 15
 Will never come back to me.

—LORD TENNYSON.

LVI.

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf 5
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows— 10
 Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture 15
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower! 20
 —ROBERT BROWNING.

LVII.

HELEN'S TOWER.

Who hears of Helen's Tower may dream, perchance,
 How the Greek Beauty from the Scaean Gate
 Gazed on old friends unanimous in hate,
 Death-doom'd because of her fair countenance.
 Hearts would leap otherwise at thine advance, 5
 Lady, to whom this Tower is consecrate!
 Like hers, thy face once made all eyes elate,
 Yet, unlike hers, was bless'd by every glance.

The Tower of Hate is outworn, far and strange;
 A transitory shame of long ago, 10
 It sinks into the sand from which it sprang:
 But thine, Love's rock-built Tower, shall fear no change;
 God's self laid stable earth's foundations so,
 When all the morning-stars together sang.
 —ROBERT BROWNING.

- Call her once before you go— 10
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know :
“ Margaret! Margaret! ”
Children’s voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother’s ear ; 15
Children’s voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again !
Call her once and come away ;
This way, this way !
“ Mother dear, we cannot stay ! 20
The wild white horses foam and fret.”
Margaret! Margaret!
- Come, dear children, come away down ;
Call no more !
One last look at the white-wall’d town, 25
And the little gray church on the windy shore ;
Then come down !
She will not come though you call all day ;
Come away, come away !
- Children dear, was it yesterday 30
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swe^{ll}
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep, 35
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt-weed sways in the stream ,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ; 40
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,

Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye? 45
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday,
(Call yet once) that she went away? 50
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sat on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea; 55
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee;"
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves; 60
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan; 65
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still, 70
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes. 75
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!"

Dear heart," I said, " we are long alone ;
 The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan "
 But, ah, she gave me never a look, 80
 For her eyes were sealed to the holy book!
 Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.
 Come away, children, call no more !
 Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down ! 85
 Down to the depths of the sea !
 She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
 Singing most joyfully.
 Hark what she sings : " O joy, O joy,
 For the humming street and the child with its toy ; 90
 For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well ;
 For the wheel where I spun,
 And the blessed light of the sun ! "

And so she sings her fill,
 Singing most joyfully, 95
 Till the spindle drops from her hand,
 And the whizzing wheel stands still.
 She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
 And over the sand at the sea ;
 And her eyes are set in a stare ; 100
 And anon there breaks a sigh,
 And anon there drops a tear,
 From a sorrow-clouded eye,
 And a heart sorrow-laden,
 A long, long sigh ; 105
 For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaid,
 And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children,
 Come, children, come down !
 The hoarse wind blows colder ; 110
 Lights shine in the town.

She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar. 115
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl ;
Singing : " Here came a mortal, 120
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow, 125
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low ;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly 130
On the blanched sands a gloom ;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry. 135
We will gaze from the sand-hills,
At the white sleeping town ;
At the church on the hillside—
And then come back down.
Singing : " There dwells a loved one, 140
But cruel is she !
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LX.

SHAKESPEARE.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
 We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea, 5
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foil'd searching of mortality ;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure, 10
 Didst tread on earth unguess'd at.—Better so !

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LXI.

QUIET WORK.

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
 One lesson which in every wind is blown,
 One lesson of two duties kept at one
 Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity ! 5
 Of labour that in lasting fruit outgrows ,
 Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,
 Too great for haste, too high for rivalry !

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
 Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil, 10
 Still do thy quiet ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting,
 Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,—
 Labourers that shall not fail when man is gone.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LXII.

KEEPSAKE MILL.

Over the borders, a sin without pardon,
 Breaking the branches and crawling below,
 Out through the breach in the wall of the garden,
 Down by the banks of the river, we go.

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder, 5
 Here is the weir with the wonder of foam,
 Here is the sluice with the race running under—
 Marvellous places, though handy to home !

Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller,
 Stiller the note of the birds on the hill ; 10
 Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,
 Deaf are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river
 Wheel as it wheels for us, children, to-day,
 Wheel, and keep roaring and foaming for ever, 15
 Long after all of the boys are away.

Home from the Indies, and home from the ocean,
 Heroes and soldiers we all shall come home ;
 Still we shall find the old mill-wheel in motion, 20
 Turning and churning that river to foam.

You with the bean that I gave when we quarrelled,
 I with your marble of Saturday last,
 Honoured and old, and all gaily apparelled,
 Here we shall meet and remember the past.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LXIII.

IN PRAISE OF ENGLAND.

I.

From tangled brake and trellised bower
 Bring every bud that blows,
 But never will you find the flower
 To match an English rose.
 It blooms with more than city grace, 5
 Though rustic and apart ;
 It has a smile upon its face,
 And a dewdrop in its heart.

II.

Though wide the goodly world around
 Your fancy may have strayed, 10
 Where was the woman ever found
 To match an English maid ?
 At work she smiles, through play she sings,
 She doubts not nor denies ;
 She'll cling to you as woodbine clings, 15
 And love you till she dies.

III.

If you would put it to the proof,
 Then round the zodiac roam ;
 But never will you find the roof 20
 To match an English home.

You hear the sound of children's feet
 Fall pattering on the stair ;
 'Tis made by loving labour sweet
 And sanctified by prayer.

IV.

So traverse tracts sublime or sweet,	25
Snow-peak or scorched ravine,	
But where will you the landscape meet	
To match an English scene ?	
The hamlet hallowed by its spire,	
The wildwood fresh with flowers,	30
Garden and croft and thorpe and byre	
Gleaming through silvery showers.	

V.

Across the wave, along the wind,	
Hutter and plough your way,	
But where will you a Sceptre find	35
To match the English Sway ?	
Its conscience holds the world in awe	
With blessing or with ban ;	
Its Freedom guards the Reign of Law,	
And majesty of Man !	40

LXIV.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

I.

Is life worth living ? Yes, so long	
As Spring revives the year,	
And hails us with the cuckoo's song,	
To show that she is here :	
So long as May of April takes	5
In smiles and tears, farewell,	

And windflowers dapple all the brakes,
And primroses the dell ;
While children in the woodlands yet
Adorn their little laps 10
With ladysmock and violet,
And daisy-chain their caps :
While over orchard daffodils
Cloud-shadows float and fleet,
And ouzel pipes and laverock trills, 15
And young lambs buck and bleat ;
So long as that which bursts the bud
And swells and tunes the rill
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,
Life is worth living still. 20

II.

Life's not worth living!	Come with me,	
Now that, through vanishing veil,		
Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea,		
And milk foams in the pail ;		
Now that June's sweltering sunlight bathes		25
With sweat the striplings lithe,		
As fall the long straight scented swathes		
Over the crescent scythe :		
Now that the throstle never stops		
His self-sufficing strain,		30
And woodbine-trails festoon the copse,		
And eglantine the lane ;		
Now rustic labour seems as sweet		
As leisure, and blithe herds		
Wend homeward with unwearied feet,		35
Carolling like the birds ;		
Now all, except the lover's vow,		
And nightingale, is still ;		
Here, in the twilight hour, allow,		
Life is worth living still.		40

III.

When Summer, lingering half-forlorn,
 On Autumn loves to lean,
 And fields of slowly yellowing corn
 Are girt by woods still green :
 When hazel-nuts wax brown and plump, 45
 And apples rosy-red,
 And the owlet hoots from hollow stump,
 And the dormouse makes its bed ;
 When crammed are all the granary floors
 And the Hunter's moon is bright, 50
 And life again is sweet indoors,
 And logs again alight ;
 Ay, even when the houseless wind
 Walleth through cleft and chink,
 And in the twilight maids grow kind, 55
 And jugs are filled and clink ;
 When children clasp their hands and pray,
 " Be done Thy heavenly will ! "
 Who doth not lift his voice and say
 " Life is worth living still " ? 60

IV.

Is life worth living ? Yes, so long
 As there is wrong to right,
 Wail of the weak against the strong,
 Or tyranny to fight :
 Long as there lingers gloom to chase, 65
 Or streaming tear to dry,
 One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
 That smiles as we draw nigh ;
 Long as at tale of anguish swells
 The heart, and lids grow wet, 70

And at the sound of Christmas bells
 We pardon and forget :
 So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
 And loyal Hope survives,
 And gracious Charity remains 75
 To leaven lowly lives ;
 While there is one untrodden tract
 For Intellect or Will,
 And men are free to think and act,
 Life is worth living still. 80

v.

Not care to live while English homes
 Nestle in English trees,
 And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
 Her territorial seas !
 Not live while English songs are sung 85
 Wherever blows the wind,
 And England's laws and England's tongue
 Enfranchise half mankind !
 So long as in Pacific main,
 Or on Atlantic strand, 90
 Our kin transmit the parent strain,
 And love the Mother-Land ;
 So long as in this ocean Realm,
 Victoria and her Line
 Retain the heritage of the helm 95
 By loyalty divine :
 So long as flashes Eng'lish steel,
 And English trumpets shrill,
 He is dead already who doth not feel
 Life is worth living still. 100

—ALFRED AUSTIN.

LXV.

ADMIRALS ALL.

A Song of Sea Kings.

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
 Here's to the bold and free!
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
 Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
 Admirals all, for England's sake, 5
 Honour be yours and fame!
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name!

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame! 10
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
 With the galleons fair in sight;
 Howard at last must give him his way, 15
 And the word was passed to fight.
 Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
 Since holidays first began:
 He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
 And under the guns he ran. 20

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
 Their cities he put to the sack;
 He singed His Catholic Majesty's beard,
 And harried his ships to wrack.
 He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls 25
 When the great Armada came;
 But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls,"
 And he stooped and finished the game,

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two ; 30
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
And his Colours aloft he flew.
“ I’ve taken the depth to a fathom,” he cried,
“ And I’ll sink with a right good will :
For I know when we’re all of us under the tide 35
My flag will be fluttering still.”

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound :
“ Mark you, I wouldn’t be elsewhere now,”
Said he, “ for a thousand pound ! ” 40
The Admiral’s signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head.
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And “ I’m hanged if I see it,” he said.

Admirals all, they said their say 45
(The echoes are ringing still) ;
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take,
The realm of the circling sea— 50
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
And the Rodneys yet to be.

*Admirals all, for England’s sake,
Honour be yours and fame !
And honour, as long as waves shall break, 55
To Nelson’s peerless name.*

—HENRY NEWBOLT.

LXVI.

VITAI LAMPADA.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—

Ten to make and the match to win—

A bumping pitch and a blinding light,

An hour to play and the last man in.

And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,

5

Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,

But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote:

“Play up! play up! and play the game!”

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—

Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—

10

The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead,

And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.

The river of death has brimmed his banks,

And England's far, and Honour a name,

But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,

15

“Play up! play up! and play the game.”

This is the word that year by year,

While in her place the School is set,

Every one of her sons must hear,

And none that hears it dare forget.

20

This they all with a joyful mind

Bear through life like a torch in flame,

And falling, fling to the host behind—

“Play up! play up! and play the game!”

—HENRY NEWBOLT.

LXVII.

WHEN SPRING COMES BACK TO ENGLAND.

- When Spring comes back to England
 . And crowns her brows with May,
 Round the merry, moonlit world
 She goes the greenwood way.
 She throws a rose to Italy, 5
 A fleur-de-lys to France ;
 And round her regal morris-ring
 The seas of England dance.
- When Spring comes back to England
 And dons her robe of green, 10
 There's many a nation garlanded,
 But England is the Queen.
 She's Queen, she's Queen of all the world
 Beneath the laughing sky ;
 For the nations go a-Maying 15
 When they hear the New Year cry :
- " Come over the water to England,
 My old love, my new love ;
 Come over the water to England
 In showers of flowery rain. 20
 Come over the water to England,
 April, my true love ,
 And tell the heart of England
 The Spring is here again ! "
- And it's whither away is the Spring to-day ? 25
 To England, to England !
 In France you'll hear the South Wind say :
 " She's off on a quest for a Queen o' the May,
 So she's over the hills and far away
 To England ! " 30

She's flown with the swallows across the sea
 To England, to England !
 For there's many a land of the brave and free,
 But never a home o' the hawthorn-tree,
 And never a Queen o' the May for me 35
 But England !

She is here, she is here with her eyes of blue
 In England, in England !
 She has brought us the rainbows with her, too,
 And a heaven of quivering scent and hue, 40
 And a glory of shimmering, glimmering dew,
 And a lily for me and a rose for you
 To England.

And round the fairy revels whirl
 In England, in England ! 45
 And the buds outbreak and the leaves unfurl,
 And where the crisp, white cloudlets curl
 The Dawn comes up like a primrose-girl,
 With a crowd of flowers in a basket of pearl
 For England ! 50
 —ALFRED NOYES.

LXVIII.

PLAYING BOWLS ON PLYMOUTH HOE.

(From *Drake*, Book x.)

There, while the ships refitted with all haste
 And axe and hammer rang, one golden eve
 Just as the setting sun began to fringe
 The clouds with crimson, and the creaming waves
 Were onc wild riot of fairy rainbows, Drake 5
 Stood with old comrades on the close-cropped green
 Of Plymouth Hoe, playing a game of bowls.

Far off unseen, a little barque, full-sail,
 Struggled and leapt and strove tow'rd's Plymouth Sound,
 Noteless as any speckled herring-gull 10
 Flickering between the white flakes of the waves.
 A group of schoolboys with their satchels lay
 Stretched on the green, gazing with great wide eyes
 Upon their seamen heroes, as like gods
 Disporting with the battles of the world 15
 They loomed, tossing black bowls like cannon-balls
 Against the rosy west, or lounged at ease
 With faces olive-dark against that sky
 Laughing, while from the neighbouring inn mine host
 White-aproned and blue-jerkined, hurried out 20
 With foaming cups of sack, and they drank deep,
 Tossing their heads back under the golden clouds
 And burying their bearded lips. The hues
 That slashed their doublets, for the boys' bright eyes
 (Even as the gleams of Grecian cloud or moon 25
 Revealed the old gods) were here rich dusky streaks
 Of splendour from the Spanish Main, that shone
 But to proclaim these heroes. There a boy
 More bold crept nearer to a slouched hat thrown
 Upon the green, and touched the silver plume, 30
 And felt as if he had touched a sunset-isle
 Of feathery palms beyond a crimson sea.

—ALFRED NOYES.

LXIX.

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
 •Lord of our far-flung battle line—
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—

- Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget. 5
- The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart. 10
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.
- Far-called, our navies melt away :
On dune and headland sinks the fire :
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday 15
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !
- If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe, 20
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !
- For heathen heart that puts her trust 25
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord ! 30

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

LXX.

IN MEMORIAM: CAPTAIN SCOTT, R.N.,

AND HIS' GALLANT COMRADES WHO REACHED THE SOUTH
POLE IN JANUARY, 1912, AND DIED ON THEIR HOME-
WARD WAY.

*(Reprinted by the special permission of the Proprietors
of "Punch".)*

Not for the fame that crowns a gallant deed
They fixed their fearless eyes on that far goal,
Steadfast of purpose, resolute at need
To give their lives for toll.

But in the service of their kind they fared, 5
To probe the secrets which the jealous Earth
Yields only as the prize of perils dared,
The wage of proven worth.

So on their record, writ for all to know—
The task achieved, the homeward way half won— 10
Though cold they lie beneath their pall of snow,
Shines the eternal sun.

O hearts of metal pure as finest gold!
O great ensample, where our sons may trace, 15
Too proud for tears, their birthright from of old,
Heirs of the Island Race!

—OWEN SEAMAN.

NOTES.

I.

ORPHEUS.

P. 1, l. 1. **Orpheus.** Orpheus is the name of a mythical personage regarded by the Greeks as the greatest poet before Homer. He was presented with a lyre (in the song a *lute*) by Apollo, the god of song, and being instructed by the goddesses called Muses, played on his instrument with the effect here described. The lyre of Apollo was made of strings stretched across a tortoise shell.

II.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

P. 1, l. 2. **Phœbus.** Phœbus is an epithet of Apollo who was in later times identified with the sun.

P. 1, l. 4. **chaliced flowers,** flowers that have a chalice or cup.

P. 1, l. 4. **lies,** a false concord to rhyme with eyes.

P. 1, l. 5. **Mary-buds** = marigolds, yellow flowers that close at sunset and open at sunrise.

IV.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

P. 3, l. 12. **pard** = leopard.

P. 3, l. 16. **capon** = chicken.

P. 3, l. 18. **wise saws and modern instances** = proverbs and examples from modern life.

P. 3, l. 20. **pantaloon** = a character represented as a lean and foolish old man, the butt of the clown in a modern pantomime.

P. 3, l. 28. **sans** = without.

V.

MOONLIGHT MUSIC.

P. 4. l. 6. **patines** = small plates.

VI.

HENRY V BEFORE AGINCOURT.

P. 4, l. 10. **Jove**, the chief god of the Romans, Jupiter—*by Jove*, used in a strong assertion.

P. 4, l. 11. **upon my cost** = at my expense.

P. 4, l. 12. **yearns** = grieves.

P. 5, l. 21. **stomach** = inclination, desire.

P. 5, l. 26. **feast of Crispian**. 25 October, 1415, is the traditional date of the martyrdom in the fourth century of two brothers, Crispianus and Crispinus, Crispian and Crispin in the King's speech.

P. 5, l. 31. **vigil** = night before.

P. 5, l. 48. **vile** = low-born.

P. 5, l. 49. **gentle his condition** = give him the rank of gentleman.

P. 5, l. 52. **hold their manhoods cheap** = consider themselves a poor sort of men.

VIII.

HYMN TO DIANA.

Diana, an ancient goddess representing the moon.

P. 7, l. 5. **Hesperus** = the evening star, the light bringer.

P. 7, l. 9. **Cynthia** = one of the names of Diana, the moon goddess.

XI.

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

P. 9, l. 1. **spent** = exhausted.

P. 9, l. 2. **ere half my days**, Milton became totally blind at forty-four years of age.

P. 9, l. 3. **talent** = natural gift, here the gift of poetry; but *Paradise Lost* was written after he had become blind.

P. 9, l. 4. **bent** = determined.

P. 9, l. 8. **fondly** = foolishly.

XII.

L'ALLEGRO.

L'Allegro means The Cheerful Man, the poem being written in praise of mirth.

P. 10, l. 1. **Nymph** = In Greek mythology the nymphs were goddesses haunting seas, rivers, mountains and woods.

P. 10, l. 3. **quips** = small jests.

- P. 10, l. 8. **cranks** = sprightly turns of speech.
 P. 10, l. 8. **wanton wiles** = careless, unrestrained tricks or stratagems.
 P. 10, l. 5. **Hebe**, the Greek goddess of youth and beauty.
 P. 10, l. 20. **dappled dawn** = the morning sky with patches of cloud.
 P. 11, l. 38. **dight** = dressed, adorned.
 P. 11, l. 56. **cynosure** is term applied to the pole star, the guide to which mariners often look—hence any object attracting great interest.

XIII.

IL PENSEROSO.

Il Penseroso means The Thoughtful Man, the poem being written in praise of meditation and melancholy.

- P. 11, l. 1. **due feet** = dutiful feet or feet treading the paths of duty.
 P. 11, l. 2. **studious**, refers to the person walking along the cloisters.
 P. 11, l. 2. **cloister** = a covered passage or arcade belonging to a church or monastery.
 P. 11, l. 2. **pale** = enclosure; the word is a noun here.
 P. 11, l. 5. **storied windows**, the stained glass windows showing scenes from the gospel or the lives of the saints.
 P. 11, l. 5. **dight** = adorned.
 P. 11, l. 6. **a dim religious light** = the quiet subdued light characteristic of churches with such windows.
 P. 12, l. 15. **the hairy gown** = a shirt of hair worn to inure to hardship.

XIV.

THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

- P. 13, l. 15. **Thracian Orpheus** (see the first note to I.). Orpheus lived in Thrace, a part of Greece.
 P. 13, l. 31. **siren** = a name applied to alluring women with sweet voices.
 P. 13, l. 38. **Mausolus**, a King of Greece to whom a costly and very magnificent monument was erected—hence the word *mausoleum* to denote a splendid tomb or sepulchral edifice for tombs.

XV.

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

Saint Cecilia, a Christian martyr who suffered at Rome, considered the patron saint of music, especially church music.

- P. 14, l. 15. **diapason** = the entire compass of a voice or instrument.
 P. 14, l. 17. **Jubal**, "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ" (Gen. iv. 21).
 P. 15, l. 50. **sequacious** = following, attendant on.

XVI.

CHARACTER OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

P. 15, l. 1. **Zimri**, the name given by the poet to George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, 1628-87. He was a politician and courtier under James I and Charles I.

P. 16, l. 21. **Absalom**, the Duke of Monmouth, 1649-85.

P. 16, l. 21. **Achitophel**, the Earl of Shaftesbury.

P. 16, l. 23. **faction**, a party in turbulent or disloyal opposition.

XVII.

THE ART OF VERSIFICATION.

P. 16, l. 1. **numbers** = the succession of metrical syllables—verses.

P. 16, l. 5. **Parnassus** = a mountain in Greece sacred to poets and the muses.

P. 17, l. 10. **expletives**, words or syllables or stock phrases used for filling in.

P. 17, l. 20. **Alexandrine**, a line (the one following this is an example) of six iambic feet or twelve syllables, so called from its use in an old French poem on Alexander the Great.

P. 17, l. 25. **Denham** (1615-89) and **Waller** (1605-87), two poets.

P. 17, l. 30. **Zephyr** = the west wind.

P. 17, l. 34. **Ajax**, a Greek hero of great strength.

P. 17, l. 36. **Camilla**, a swift-footed servant of the goddess Diana.

XIX.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Elegy. An elegy is a mournful poem, a poem expressing serious thoughts in a tone of melancholy. The country churchyard referred to is that of Stoke Poges in Buckinghamshire.

P. 19, l. 1. **curfew** (Fr. *couvre-feu*, cover fire)—a bell ordered to be rung at eight o'clock in the evening to warn people to put out their fires. The custom, begun in the Norman period, has almost fallen into disuse everywhere.

P. 19, l. 1. **parting** = departing.

P. 19, l. 6. **all the air a solemn stillness holds**—notice here the order of subject, verb, and object—other instances of inversion occur in the poem.

P. 20, l. 29. **ambition** = ambitious people, note other instances of personification in the poem.

P. 20, l. 33. **the boast of heraldry** = pride of birth due to family arms or crests.

P. 20, l. 35. **await**, agrees with the subject "the inevitable hour".

P. 20, l. 39. **aisle**, the part of a church separated from the nave or central portion by a row of pillars.

P. 20, l. 39. **fretted vault** = arched roof with frets or intersecting bands.

P. 20, l. 41. **urn** = a vase holding the ashes of the dead. The story of the deceased was often recorded on this monument.

P. 20, l. 41. **animated bust** = a bust is a figure showing the head, shoulders, and breast; *animated* means that it is life-like.

P. 20, l. 42. **mansion** = the body.

P. 20, l. 46. **pregnant with celestial fire** = full of heavenly zeal to do great things.

P. 20, l. 47. **the rod of empire** = the sceptre or symbol of royal power.

P. 20, l. 48. **ecstasy** = great joy, extreme delight.

P. 20, l. 51. **rage** = zeal, enthusiasm.

P. 21, l. 57. **village Hampden**, a village hero who would resist tyranny as John Hampden resisted Charles I.

P. 21, l. 59. **mute, inglorious Milton**, someone with Milton's genius, but with no opportunity for developing his power.

P. 21, l. 60-61. The order is: Their lot forbade them to command the applause, etc.

P. 21, l. 65. **circumscribed** = limited, restricted; its subject is "their lot".

P. 21, l. 70. **ingenuous** = noble, generous.

P. 21, l. 72. **Muse's flame** = poetic inspiration.

P. 21, l. 73. **madding** = raging, furious—not maddening (supply "since they were" before "Far from the madding crowd").

P. 21, l. 75. **sequester'd** = quiet, retired.

P. 21, l. 76. **tenour** = the general course or drift.

P. 21, l. 79. **uncouth rhymes** = rough and unskilful verses.

P. 22, l. 84. **moralist** = one who reflects upon life and its duties.

P. 22, l. 85. **to dumb forgetfulness a prey**, etc.—read thus: "Whoever was reconciled to the thought of being forgotten".

P. 22, l. 90. **pious drops** = tears of dutiful affection.

P. 22, l. 95. **chance** = perchance.

P. 22, l. 97. **haply** = perhaps.

P. 23, l. 113. **dirge** = funeral song.

P. 23, l. 119. **Science** = knowledge in its widest sense here.

P. 23, l. 119. **frown'd not on** = smiled upon, was propitious to.

XXII.

THE WARRIOR'S AMBITION.

P. 26, l. 2. **Swedish Charles**, Charles XII, King of Sweden, 1682-1718. He was a great warrior King, who obtained victories over the Danes, the Poles, and the Russians, but was defeated by Peter the Great of Russia.

at Pultowa in the south-west of Russia in 1709, and obliged to take refuge in Turkey where he was soon put in prison. Escaping he returned home, again took up arms, but was killed at the siege of Friedrickshall in Norway, whether accidentally or by a traitor is not known.

P. 27, l. 13. **Gothic standards.** The Goths were among the barbarian Germanic tribes that invaded the Roman Empire and extended their power into Sweden, where there is a district still called Gothland. The Swedes claim the kindred glory of the Goths.

P. 27, l. 20. **Pultowa's day** = the day, 8 July, 1709, when Charles was defeated by the Russian Emperor, Peter the Great.

P. 27, l. 32. **adorn a tale**, such as Voltaire's *Life of Charles XII.*

XXIII.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

P. 28, l. 11. **talisman** = a charm to bring good fortune.

P. 28, l. 11. **spells** = words recited to ward off evils.

P. 28, l. 13. **enthrall'd** = kept in a state of servitude.

P. 28, l. 16. **labyrinth** = a place full of intricate windings, a maze.

XXIV.

ENGLAND, WITH ALL THY FAULTS.

P. 29, l. 9. **Ausonia** = Italy.

P. 29, l. 18. **effeminates** = weak, womanly men.

P. 29, l. 23. **profligate** = shameless, lost to decency.

XXV.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

P. 30, l. 8. **gowd** = gold.

P. 30, l. 10. **hoddin grey** = coarse woollen stuff.

P. 30, l. 17. **birkie** = lively young fellow.

P. 30, l. 20. **coof** = blockhead.

P. 31, l. 28. **mauna fa' that** = must not try that.

P. 31, l. 36. **bear the gree** = be the victor.

XXVI.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Syne = since.

Auld lang syne = the days of long ago.

- P. 31, l. 7. **tak** = take.
 P. 31, l. 9. **twa** = two; **hae** = have; **braes** = hills, slopes.
 P. 31, l. 10. **pou'd** = pulled; **gowans** = daisies.
 P. 31, l. 11. **mony** = many.
 P. 32, l. 13. **paid'd** = paddled; **burn** = stream, brook.
 P. 32, l. 14. **frae** = from; **dine** = dinner-time.
 P. 32, l. 15. **braid** = broad.
 P. 32, l. 17. **fiere** = friend.
 P. 32, l. 18. **gie's** = gi'e us or give us.
 P. 32, l. 19. **right gude-willie** = right good will, **waught** = drink, **draught**; **a right gude-willie waught** = a loving drink.

XXIX.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

P. 34, l. 4. **We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon** = we have given our hearts to getting and spending, and a base, worthless gift it proves.

P. 35, l. 10. **Pagan** = a heathen, an unbeliever. The word means literally a villager (Lat. *pagus*, a village); the villages had remained heathen after the cities had become Christian.

P. 35, l. 13. **Proteus**, the prophetic old man who guarded the flocks (seals) of Neptune, the God of the Sea. Proteus had the power of assuming every possible shape, hence the adjective *protean*, assuming different shapes.

P. 35, l. 14. **Triton**, a son of Neptune who calmed the sea by blowing on a twisted shell—"his wreathèd horn".

XXX.

TO A SKYLARK.

P. 35, l. 1. **ethereal**, heavenly, celestial.

P. 35, l. 1. **minstrel**, a wandering singer.

P. 35, l. 1. **pilgrim**, a wandering worshipper seeking a shrine.

P. 35, l. 3. **aspire**, seek to go higher.

P. 35, l. 6. **Those . . . still**. Those quivering wings being folded and that music being still.

P. 35, l. 13. **her**. It is the male bird that sings; though poets usually speak as if it were the female.

P. 35, l. 14. **A privacy . . . is thine**. The lark soars so high that it becomes invisible.

Compare this ode "To a Skylark" with that by Shelley on p. 52.

XXXI.

MY NATIVE LAND.

P. 36, l. 11. **pelf** = money.

P. 36, l. 17. **Caledonia**, the Roman name for the country north of the Forth and Clyde, often used in poetry for Scotland.

XXXIII.

KUBLA KHAN.

P. 37, l. 1. **Kubla Khan**. Kubla Khan was a famous ruler of China in the thirteenth century.

P. 37, l. 1. **Xanadu** or **Xamdu** was the summer seat where Kubla Khan had a wonderful palace built.

P. 37, l. 4. **through caverns**, in some districts rivers disappear underground for some distance.

P. 37, l. 8. **sinuous** = curving, winding.

P. 37, l. 19. **momently** = for a moment.

P. 38, l. 33. **measure** = music.

P. 38, l. 37. **dulcimer** = a kind of stringed musical instrument.

XXXIV.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

P. 39, l. 15. **Blake, Robert** (1599-1657)—a great British admiral whose most famous battles were fought against the Dutch.

P. 39, l. 15. **Nelson, Horatio** (1758-1805), the great naval hero who obtained the great victory at Trafalgar in 1805.

P. 39, l. 25. **her native oak**—men-of-war were formerly built of British oak.

P. 40, l. 31. **meteor flag of England**. A meteor is a luminous body flashing through the air and usually called a shooting star. It is often very brilliant and often inspires terror.

XXXV.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

The Battle of the Baltic. The battle took place in 1801 and Nelson defeated the Danish fleet. After the victory he sent the wounded Danes ashore for treatment.

P. 40, l. 10. **leviathans** = sea monsters (Job xii.).

P. 41, l. 24. **adamantine** = excessively hard.

P. 42, l. 63. **Elsinore**, a Danish seaport on the Sound.

P. 42, l. 67. **Riou**, an English captain killed in the battle.

XXXVI.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

P. 42, l. 1. **Tara**, the seat of the ancient Irish kings, situated in the county of Meath.

XXXVIII.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S HOST.

Sennacherib, the ruler of the once powerful kingdom of Assyria (see 2 Chron. xxxii.).

P. 44, l. 2. **cohorts**, regiments, bands.

P. 45, l. 21. **Ashur** = Assyria.

P. 45, l. 22. **Baal**, an idol worshipped by the Assyrians.

XXXIX.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Gladiator. In ancient Rome, gladiators were men who fought with other men or wild animals in public for the entertainment of the citizens. Prisoners from distant parts were often compelled to fight thus, for public amusement.

P. 45, l. 3. **consents to death**, gives in to death without showing pain.

P. 45, l. 8. **arena**, the central sanded place of the ampitheatre on which the gladiators fought.

P. 45, l. 12. **reck'd**, cared (prizes were given in the gladiatorial conquests).

P. 45, l. 15. **Dacian** = belonging to the Daci, an ancient barbarian race living beyond the Danube.

P. 45, l. 18. **Goths**, an ancient barbaric German race including tribes that invaded the old Roman Empire and finally ravaged Rome.

P. 45, l. 18. **glut your ire**, satisfy fully your anger.

XL.

THE OCEAN.

P. 46, l. 9. **all** = altogether, entirely.

P. 46, l. 27. **lay**, incorrectly used for the intransitive verb *lie*.

P. 46, l. 28. **armament**, land or naval forces fitted out for war.

P. 46, l. 31. **oak leviathans**, men-of-war made of oak as in early times. Leviathans were huge water animals alluded to in the Book of Job.

P. 47, l. 36. **Armada**, the great fleet sent to conquer England by Philip II of Spain and destroyed in 1588.

P. 47, l. 36. **spoils of Trafalgar**. Pronounce Tráfalgar. Many of the

ships captured by Nelson at Trafalgar in 1805 were destroyed in the storm that arose after the battle.

P. 47, l. 38. **Assyria**, a former great empire in Asia of which Nineveh was the chief city.

P. 47, l. 38. **Greece**. The ancient empire of Greece reached its highest renown between 500 B.C. and 200 B.C. In Byron's time Greece was under Turkish rule.

P. 47, l. 38. **Rome**. The ancient Roman power was for a long time the master of the known world, but it gradually broke up and perished.

P. 47, l. 38. **Carthage**. Carthage was the chief city of a powerful nation on the shores of the Mediterranean where is now the Gulf of Tunis. It was destroyed by Rome during the third and second centuries B.C.

P. 47, l. 58. **wanton'd** = played.

P. 47, l. 63. **upon thy mane**. The poet speaks as if the sea were a horse.

XLII.

THE CLOUD.

P. 49, l. 2. **From the seas and the streams**. Clouds consist of water particles that have been formed from the water vapour drawn into the air by evaporation from the surface of the sea, rivers, the moist land, etc.

P. 49, l. 5. **the dews** = here, light showers.

P. 49, l. 7. **their mother's breast** = the plant on which they grow.

P. 49, l. 12. **in thunder**, modifies laugh.

P. 49, l. 14. **groan**, with the weight of snow, aghast, terrified, hence pale, the snow making them white.

P. 49, l. 15. **'tis my pillow white**, i.e. the snow on the mountains is the pillow on which the cloud rests.

P. 49, l. 17. **sublime**, in the original sense of aloft.

P. 49, l. 17. **bowers** = rooms.

P. 49, l. 18. **pilot**. The lightning is spoken of as a pilot sitting upon the towers of cloud while below is held the struggling thunder.

P. 50, l. 23. **Genii** = spirits.

P. 50, ll. 29, 30. The cloud in the air has nothing above it but the blue sky. On the under side 'he,' the lightning, is passing away or dissolving in thunder showers.

P. 50, l. 31. **sanguine sunrise** = red sunrise.

P. 50, l. 31. **meteor eyes** = eyes of dazzling brightness.

P. 50, l. 33. **rack**, drifting clouds, above which the sun rises, "leaps on the back".

P. 50, l. 40. **ardours** = glowings.

P. 50, l. 41. **pall** = cloak, covering.

P. 50, l. 45. **that orbèd maiden** = the moon.

P. 50, l. 51. **woof** = texture, what is woven.

P. 50, l. 51. **tent's roof**. In relation to the earth below, the cloud is a tent; in relation to the moon above it forms "a fleece-like floor" (l. 47).

P. 51, l. 59. **burning zone** = a belt or girdle of cloud at sunset is a fiery red; a belt of cloud about the moon is a faint pearl-colour.

P. 51, ll. 61, 62. describe the effect of a fierce whirlwind.

XLIV.

ODE TO A SKYLARK.

P. 52, l. 5. **profuse** = plentiful.

P. 52, l. 5. **unpremeditated** = unstudied, not thought of before. The lark's musical song is free and natural.

P. 52, l. 10. **still** = always, continually (as frequently in poetry).

P. 52, l. 11. **golden lightning**, the bright rays of sunset.

P. 52, l. 15. **unbodied Joy** = Joy existing by itself apart from a body.

P. 53, l. 22. **that silver sphere** = the moon.

P. 53, ll. 36-37. **a poet hidden in the light of thought** = a poet who soars into such regions of lofty thought that those of less lofty ideas are hardly able to follow.

P. 53, l. 38. **hymns** = songs of praise.

P. 54, l. 48. **unbeholden**. Beholden means "under an obligation," so that unbeholden means "not under an obligation," that is spontaneously.

P. 54, l. 49. **aerial** = airy, ethereal.

P. 54, l. 55. **sweet** = sweetness, adjective for noun.

P. 54, l. 55. **heavy-wingèd thieves**, the warm, sluggish winds of l. 53.

P. 54, ll. 36-55. Note the comparison of the skylark to four different things in these lines.

P. 54, l. 66. **Chorus hymeneal** = marriage chorus. Hymen was the Greek god of marriage.

P. 54, ll. 71-5. What natural objects and feelings inspire thy singing?

P. 55, l. 76. **joyance** = delight, enjoyment.

P. 55, l. 80. **satiety** = fulness beyond pleasure when it merely palls.

P. 55, l. 89. **fraught** = stored, laden

P. 55, l. 101. **Teach** = if you should teach.

XLVI.

ODE TO AUTUMN.

In this ode the poet puts before us in beautiful language the pictures and ideas associated with this season.

P. 57, l. 7. **plump** = make plump, swell out.

P. 57, l. 15. **winnowing** = to winnow is to separate the oorn from the chaff or grain husks.

P. 57, l. 17. **fume** = sleepy smell.

P. 57, l. 18. **swath** = row of mown grass.

P. 57, l. 25. **bloom the dying day**, make it gently glow.

P. 57, l. 28. **sallows** = willows.

P. 57, l. 30. **hilly bourn** = hilly boundary or limit.

P. 57, l. 32. **croft** = enclosed piece of land.

XLVII.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

George Chapman (1557-1634), a dramatist and poet who made fine translations from the Greek poet Homer.

P. 58, l. 1. **realms of gold**, the works of the great writers.

P. 58, l. 4. **fealty** = fidelity, faithful service.

P. 58, l. 4. **Apollo**, the God of song.

P. 58, l. 6. **Homer**, the great Greek poet.

P. 58, l. 6. **demesne** = domain, dominion.

P. 58, l. 11. **Cortez**, the famous Spanish conqueror of Mexico in the 16th century. He explored the Isthmus of Darien but was not the first discoverer of the Pacific Ocean.

P. 58, l. 14. **the Isthmus of Darien** is more usually called the Isthmus of Panama.

XLVIII.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

According to a Roman legend, Lars Porsena, the Tuscan ruler who dwelt at some distance to the north of Rome, promised to assist Tarquin, the banished king of Rome, in recovering his kingdom, for the Romans had proclaimed a Republic. Porsena set out from Tuscany with an army and was about to enter Rome by the bridge over the Tiber, when he was foiled in his attempt by the bravery of the Roman hero, Horatius.

P. 58, l. 1. **Consul**, one of the two chief magistrates in the Roman Republic.

P. 58, l. 5. **van**, the front part of an army.

P. 59, l. 26. **Ramnian**, belonging to one of the tribes of Roman nobles.

P. 59, l. 30. **Titian**, belonging to one of the tribes of Roman nobles.

P. 60, l. 45. **Fathers**, rulers, chief men.

P. 60, l. 46. **crow** = crowbar.

P. 60, l. 57. **ensigns** = banners.

P. 60, l. 75. **Umbrian** = belonging to Umbria, a district on the north-east of Rome.

P. 61, l. 97. **the she wolf's litter**. According to a Roman legend, Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were suckled by a wolf after being abandoned and left to die by a wicked uncle.

P. 62, l. 119. **Luna**, a town in the north of the Tuscan territory.

P. 62, l. 121. **Alvernus**, a hill in the north of Rome.

P. 62, l. 125. **augurs**. The augurs of ancient Rome were prophets or soothsayers who foretold events by observing natural occurrences such as the flight of birds, the signs in the sky, etc. Before any public business was undertaken, the augurs were consulted and required to say whether the omens were propitious or demanded delay.

P. 63, l. 165. **Sextus**, a son of the banished Roman king.

P. 63, l. 173. **Palatinus**, one of the seven hills on which Rome was built.

XLIX.

EXCELSIOR.

The word *excelsior* is a comparative of the Latin adjective *excelsus* which means high, lofty. Hence *excelsior* means higher, loftier, more elevated.

P. 66, l. 32. **Saint Bernard**, a pass 8000 feet high leading over the Alps from Switzerland into Italy. At the head of the pass is a monastery or hospice for the succour of travellers. The monks, aided by their famous dogs, have saved many lives.

LII.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

This poem refers to the famous cavalry charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimean War, 25 October, 1854. Owing to a mistake of the messenger, Lord Lucan gave the order to Lord Cardigan to charge a Russian battery at the head of a valley, on each side of which were other Russian batteries. Both knew that it was downright madness to make such a charge, but it was their duty to obey the supposed orders. The charge was furiously made, the Russian gunners were killed, and the Brigade then rode backward. Of the 673 horsemen that set out, only 195 returned to the lines.

LIV.

ULYSSES.

Ulysses (pr. you-liís-ees) was in early times King of Ithaca, one of the Ionian islands lying off the west coast of Greece. As related by the Greek poet Homer, he took part with other Greeks in the famous siege of Troy, being especially renowned for wisdom and cunning. After the fall of Troy he spent ten years in wandering, before he again reached his

native island and found his wife Penelope and his son Telémachus. After his return, he soon became restless and the poem denotes his determination to travel again and to seek for new knowledge and experiences until he dies.

P. 72, l. 7. **to the lees** = to the dregs, to the full.

P. 72, l. 10. **scudding drifts** = drifting showers.

P. 72, l. 10. **Hyades**, a group of stars whose rising with the sun was believed to be associated with rainy weather.

P. 72, l. 11. **become a name** = become famous.

P. 72, l. 16. **peers** = equals.

P. 73, l. 60. **to sail beyond the sunset**, away to the west where the stars sink into the ocean which was supposed to run round the flat earth by the ancients.

P. 73, l. 63. **the Happy Isles**, the abode of happy souls of the dead far out in the western ocean.

P. 73, l. 64. **Achilles**, the bravest of the Greeks killed in the Trojan war.

P. 73, ll. 58, 59. **smite the sounding-furrows** = strike the waves with the oars, a common method of assisting the sails of ancient vessels.

LVII.

HELEN'S TOWER.

This sonnet was written in memory of Helen, Lady Dufferin, to whom her son erected a granite tower at Clandeboyne in Ireland.

In the Greek poet Homer we read of another Helen, who was married to the Greek King, Menelaus of Sparta, but who allowed herself to be carried off by Paris, King of Troy. From a tower on the walls of Troy at the western Scaean Gate she pointed out to the Trojans her old Grecian friends.

P. 75, l. 5. **would**, supply "if you were still alive".

P. 75, l. 6. **consecrate** = consecrated.

P. 75, ll. 7, 8. **hers**, the Helen of Troy.

P. 75, l. 9. **The Tower of Hate**, the tower at the Scaean Gate which the Greeks looked on with hate.

P. 75, l. 12. **Love's rock-built Tower**, the tower built to Lady Dufferin through filial love.

P. 75, l. 13. **laid stable**, fixed firm, established.

LXIII

SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH.

This beautiful poem teaches hopeful perseverance, that progress is often being made when efforts seem to be of no use.

P. 76, l. 1. **naught availeth** = is of no use.

P. 76, l. 11. **making** = making its way.

P. 76, l. 12. **the main** = the sea.

LIX.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

Merman. In the old northern stories of the people of the sea, the mermen and mermaids are not regarded as beings having any part of the body like a fish. They were said to come ashore sometimes and mix with men.

P. 76, l. 6. **The wild white horses**, the foam topped rolling waves.

P. 76, l. 37. **spent lights**, the lights that show faint through the water to shore below.

P. 76, l. 42. **bask** = bathe.

P. 78, l. 77. **hist** = listen.

P. 80, l. 133. **hie** = hasten.

LXI.

QUIET WORK.

This beautiful sonnet contrasts the noisy works and contests of man with the quiet ministers or servants of Nature. Such quiet work of Nature is seen in the movements of the heavenly bodies, the gentle rain, the growth of the corn, the ripening of fruits, and the influence of light.

LXII.

KEEPSAKE MILL.

P. 82, l. 6. **weir**, the dam across a river to raise the water that flows to the mill.

P. 82, l. 7. **sluice**, a gate or other contrivance for regulating the flow of water.

LXIV.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING ?

P. 87, l. 83. **Trident-Sceptre**. A trident is a three-pronged spear assigned to Neptune, the god of the sea. A sceptre is a staff of office indicating power or authority. England's trident-sceptre thus means England's rule of the sea.

LXV.

ADMIRALS ALL.

P. 88, l. 1. **Lord Howard of Effingham** was commander of the English fleet against the Spanish Armada in 1588.

P. 88, l. 1. **Sir Richard Grenville** was a famous sea captain who fought with his little vessel *The Revenge*, in 1591, for many hours against a Spanish fleet.

P. 88, l. 1. **Sir Walter Raleigh** (1552-1618) was a famous soldier and sailor who made expeditions to Virginia.

P. 88, l. 1. **Sir Francis Drake** was the greatest of the famous sailors of Elizabeth's reign. He made a voyage round the world in his little vessel *The Pelican*, and was Vice-Admiral of the fleet against the Armada.

P. 88, l. 3. **Admiral Benbow** was a famous admiral in the reign of William, III. **Lord Collingwood** fought under Nelson at Trafalgar. **Admiral John Byron**, the grandfather of the poet, made voyages of discovery and fought against the French in the West Indies in 1779.

P. 88, l. 12. **peerless**, having no peer or equal.

P. 88, l. 13. **The Earl of Essex** burnt Cadiz in 1596.

P. 88, l. 14. **galleons**, large Spanish trading and war vessels of the sixteenth century.

P. 88, l. 23. **singed His Catholic Majesty's beard**. In 1587, Drake entered Cadiz Bay with his ships and destroyed most of the preparations for the Armada.

P. 89, l. 30. **Duncan**. Admiral Duncan gained naval victories at St. Vincent, 1780, and Camperdown, 1797. In the latter year he also blockaded the shallow channel of the *Texel*, at the entrance to the Zuyder Zee.

P. 89, l. 38. **sailed the Sound**. This refers to the Battle of Copenhagen or the Battle of the Baltic where Nelson gained a great victory in 1801. Nelson was then fighting under Admiral Parker.

P. 89, l. 52. **Rodney**. Admiral Rodney gained a great victory over the French in 1782.

LXVI.

VITAÍ LAMPADA.

In olden times, each member of a competing company raced with a lighted torch that he handed on after running a certain distance. The company won whose last member first reached the goal with the lighted torch.

P. 90, l. 1. **the Close**, the enclosure where the cricket ground was.

P. 90, l. 5. **for the sake of a ribboned coat** = to obtain the school colours and get into the eleven.

P. 90, l. 11. **the Gatling**, a quick-firing gun, now replaced by the Maxim.

P. 90, l. 11. **jammed** = blocked so as not to work.

P. 90, l. 22. **the "torch"** meant here is the determination to fight on, "to play up" fairly and fearlessly and this lesson each scholar passes on to others.

LXVII.

WHEN SPRING COMES BACK TO ENGLAND.

P. 91, l. 6. **fleur-de-lys**, French flower or lily, the royal emblem of France.

P. 91, l. 7. **morris ring**. A morris-dance is a dance in costume with bells and castanets; still popular in the north of England.

LXIX.

RECESSIONAL.

A "recessional" is a hymn sung at the close of a service as the choir *recede* or go away. This hymn was written to be sung at the close of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Celebration in 1897.

P. 94, l. 6. **lest we forget**—that all our prosperity and all our power depend on God's favour and blessing.

LXX.

In 1910 Captain Robert Falcon Scott set sail in the *Terra Nova* for the Antarctic regions with the object of reaching the South Pole. In due time the ship reached land, and Scott and his companions established their winter quarters at Cape Evans on the Antarctic continent. In November, 1911, Scott and a party from the ship set out on their way to the Pole. Some of the party returned after having gone within 150 miles of the Pole, and having left stores of provisions at various points. Scott with four companions, Dr. Wilson, Captain Oates, Lieutenant Brown, and Petty-officer Evans, then continued their journey south. Nothing being heard at the base of Scott and his companions for a considerable time a search party started. They found that the five explorers had perished on their way back after having reached the South Pole on 18th January, 1912. They had struggled back over the ice and snow for many miles but, after the death of Evans through an accident, the others had been caught in a prolonged blizzard and had died of exhaustion when within eleven miles of a relief camp.

SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF THE POETS QUOTED.

Arnold, Matthew, 1822-1888. Matthew Arnold was the son of Thomas Arnold, the famous Head Master of Rugby School. Soon after completing his education at Oxford he became an Inspector of Schools. He wrote both prose and verse, his chief poems being *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Balder Dead*, and *Sonnets*.

Austin, Alfred, 1835-1913. Alfred Austin was educated at Stonyhurst College, studied for the Bar, but soon devoted himself to literature. In 1896 he was appointed Poet-Laureate on the death of Tennyson. (The Poet-Laureate is a poet with an annual salary from the Government. He is expected to write poems on any striking national event, though the office is becoming more an honorary one now.) Austin published several volumes of lyrical and narrative poems.

Browning, Robert, 1812-1889. Robert Browning was born and educated in London. In 1846 he married the poetess Elizabeth Barrett and the two poets spent most of their life together in Italy. On his death Browning was buried in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. Browning's chief poem is called *The Ring and the Book*. He also wrote dramas and many short poems, some of which are well known—*The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, *How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, *The Grammarian's Funeral*, etc.

Burns, Robert, 1759-1796. Robert Burns, Scotland's greatest poet, was the son of an Ayrshire crofter or farmer and he worked for some time as a farm labourer. In 1786 he published a small volume of his poems at Kilmarnock and this brought him both profit and fame.

Abandoning his project of emigrating to Jamaica, he took a lease of a farm in Dumfriesshire, but not being successful, he entered the service of the Excise in 1791. His poems and songs, written mostly in the Scottish dialect, include among other famous ones—*The Cottar's Saturday Night*, *Tam o' Shanter*, *To a Mountain Daisy*, *To a Mouse*. The latter poem contains the oft-quoted lines:—

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley".

Byron, George Noel Gordon, Lord, 1788-1824. Lord Byron was born in London, lived in childhood largely in Scotland, was educated at Harrow and Cambridge and spent his later years in wanderings on the Continent. In 1823 he joined the Greeks in their struggle against the Turks, but died of fever in the following year. His chief longer poems are *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (from which the piece on the Ocean is taken), *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and the dramas *Manfred*, *Cain*, and *The Bride of Abydos*.

Campbell, Thomas, 1777-1844. The poet Campbell was born and educated in Glasgow. After leaving the University he went to Edinburgh, and in 1799 published his chief long poem *The Pleasures of Hope*. He is, however, best known by his shorter poems—*Hohenlinden*, *Ye Mariners of England*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, and *The Soldier's Dream*.

Clough, Arthur Hugh, 1819-1861. Clough was born in Liverpool and educated at Rugby and Oxford. He wrote several prose works and some fine poems which were collected and published in 1862.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 1772-1834. Coleridge was the son of a Devonshire clergyman and was educated at Christ's Hospital and Cambridge. He became friendly with Wordsworth and joined with him in the publication of *Lyrical Ballads*. Besides several prose works he wrote the well-known poems *Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner*, *Kubla Khan*, *Christabel*, and a tragedy called *Remorse*.

Collins, William, 1721-1759. Collins was born at Chichester and received a public school and university education. His chief poems are odes. The best known are entitled *Liberty*, *Evening*, and *The Passions*.

Cowley, Abraham, 1618-1667. Cowley was born in London, studied at Westminster and Cambridge, and later joined the Royalists against Cromwell. He wrote plays and many poems. A few only of his poems possess great merit.

Cowper, William, 1731-1800. Cowper was the son of a clergyman. He was educated at the public school of Westminster and afterwards studied law. Soon after becoming a barrister, he became mentally deranged, but a life of quiet retirement at Olney in Buckinghamshire restored his sanity. Here and later in Norfolkshire he wrote much poetry. His chief long poem is entitled *The Task*. Among Cowper's shorter poems are *Boadicea*, *John Gilpin*, *The Loss of the "Royal George"*, and several well-known hymns including:—

"God moves in a mysterious way".

Dryden, John, 1631-1700. John Dryden was born at Aldwinkle in Northamptonshire and was educated at Westminster School and Cambridge. His first important poem is called *Annus Mirabilis* or *The Year of Wonders* (1666), and is about the Great Fire of London and the Dutch War. He then wrote many plays, the best of which is entitled *All for Love*. But he is known best for his satirical poetry, a fine example of which is his *Absalom and Achitophel*, a satire on the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Whigs of the period. Dryden wrote two poems on religious subjects, one *Religio Laici* or *A Layman's Faith* in defence of the Protestant Church of England; the other, *The Hind and the Panther*, five years later, in defence of the Roman Catholic Church. He also wrote in verse some fine *Fables* and two poems on the power of music: *Alexander's Feast* and the *Song for St. Cecilia's Day*. Dryden is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Dyer, Sir Edward, 1550-1607, a courtier and ambassador of the time of Queen Elizabeth. His chief poem is the one beginning *My mind to me a kingdom is*.

Goldsmith, Oliver, 1728-1774. Oliver Goldsmith, the son of a clergyman, was born in a small village in the centre of Ireland but spent his childhood

at Lissory (the original of *Sweet Auburn, the Deserted Village*) in West Meath. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, for a time, then went to Edinburgh, but left in two years to wander on foot through several countries of Europe. Returning penniless to London he found a good friend in Dr. Johnson. His chief writings include a delightful novel called *The Vicar of Wakefield*, the comedies *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good Natured Man*, with the well-known poems *The Deserted Village* and *The Traveller*.

Gray, Thomas, 1716-1771. Thomas Gray was born in London and received his education at Eton and Cambridge. Later he made a tour on the Continent with Horace Walpole, the son of the Prime Minister. His chief poems were *The Elegy in a Country Churchyard* and the odes entitled *On Spring*, *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, *The Progress of Poesy*, and *The Bard*.

Herrick, Robert, 1591-1674. Robert Herrick was the son of a London silversmith, was educated at Cambridge, and became a clergyman. His chief work was entitled *Hesperides*. It contains many beautiful poems.

Johnson, Samuel, 1709-1784. Johnson was the son of a bookseller at Lichfield. At eighteen he went to Oxford but was obliged to leave before taking his degree. He became a tutor for a time, and at twenty-eight came to London to make his fortune in literature. After a severe struggle he succeeded in gaining fame and a competence. He is chiefly known for his essays and criticisms. His chief works include numerous essays in *The Gentleman's Magazine* and *The Rambler*; a *Dictionary of the English Language*; a moral story entitled *Rasselas* or *The Prince of Abyssinia*; and *The Lives of the English Poets*. He also wrote two satirical poems entitled *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. From this last the extract quoted in the text is taken. Johnson was a stern "rugged scholar-eage," but had a great heart. He was the most famous talker of his age, and some of his conversations are preserved in the famous biography known as *Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

Jonson, Ben, 1574-1637. Ben Jonson was a famous poet and dramatist contemporary with Shakespeare. He was educated at Westminster School but did not go to either University. After serving a short period as a soldier in the Netherlands, he returned to London and devoted himself to literature. His earliest known play, *Every Man in His Humour*, was followed by many others, among which are *Volpone* or *The Fox*, *The Alchemist*, and *Catiline*. Jonson also wrote short poems, some of great beauty: *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes*, *To the Memory of Shakespeare*. The latter contains this fine line on Shakespeare:—

"He was not for an age, but for all time."

On the stone of Jonson's grave in the Poet's Corner at Westminster Abbey are the words "Rare Ben Jonson".

Keats, John, 1795-1821. Keats was born in London and on leaving school was apprenticed to a surgeon. He broke his indentures to attend lectures at a hospital, but soon gave up his medical studies. With the help of friends he began to publish poems, *Endymion* in 1818 (from which the extract on p. 56 is taken), and *Lamia, Isabella*, and other

poems in 1820. Owing to failing health he went to Italy in the same year and there he died in 1821.

Kipling, Rudyard, 1865- Kipling was born in India but educated in England. In 1882 he returned to India for about seven years. He is distinguished both as a novelist and poet. His chief prose works are: *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Stalky and Co.*, *The Light that Failed*, *The Jungle Book*, *A Fleet in Being*, and *Kim*. His poems include the volumes entitled *Departmental Duties*, *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and *The Seven Seas*.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 1807-1882. Longfellow was born in Massachusetts and is regarded as the greatest of the American poets. After a university education in his native country, he travelled to Europe, and became Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard in 1836. His poetry includes *Voices of the Night*, *Evangeline*, *The Song of Hiawatha*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Village Blacksmith*, and *Excelsior*.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, 1800-1859. Macaulay was born in Leicestershire, educated at a private school and then at Cambridge. He began his literary career by writing essays for the *Edinburgh Review*. He entered Parliament for a time, then went five years to India, returning to take up his parliamentary career. About this time he published the famous *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Included in these lays are *Ivry* and *The Armada*. His chief work, however, is the *History of England from the Accession of James II*. In 1857, Macaulay was made a peer. Lord Macaulay was eminent as historian, essayist, poet, and orator. On his death he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Milton, John, 1608-1674. Milton was born in London and received his education at St. Paul's School and at Cambridge. After leaving the University he lived with his father and wrote *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. In 1637 he went abroad for two years. On the outbreak of civil war in the reign of Charles I, Milton sided with Parliament and Cromwell, and produced many political writings both in English and Latin. At forty-four years of age Milton became blind and yet he afterwards produced some of his finest poetry, *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*.

Moore, Thomas, 1779-1852. Moore was born at Dublin and educated at Dublin University. His chief poem is entitled *Lalla Rookh*, but his more successful poems are contained in *Odes and Epistles*, and *Irish Melodies*. Among these are: *The Light of Other Days*, and *The Minstrel Boy*.

Newbolt, Henry, born 1862. Newbolt was born at Bilston, educated at Clifton and Oxford. He was called to the Bar and also devoted himself to literature, producing a drama and several patriotic poems.

Noyes, Alfred, born 1880. This living writer was educated at a public school and at Oxford University. He has written many critical reviews, written a life of William Morris, and published several volumes of poems. These volumes include *Drake, an English Epic*, and many short poems of great merit.

Pope, Alexander, 1688-1744. Pope was born at London, and being from birth weak and deformed, he never attended any public school. He learnt Latin and Greek from friends and settled down to the life of a man

of letters at Twickenham on the Thames. He wrote finely polished poetry. Much of it is didactic, that is, intended for instruction. His chief poems are entitled *Essay on Criticism*, *The Rape of the Lock*, *The Dunciad*, and *Essay on Man*. Many of Pope's single lines and couplets (two successive lines that rhyme together) are frequently quoted. Such are:—

"The proper study of mankind is man."

• "To err is human, to forgive divine."

"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?"

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella."

"A little learning is a dangerous thing
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

(The Pierian spring is the spring where the Muses dwell, Pieria in ancient Greece being their birthplace.)

Scott, Sir Walter, 1771-1832. Scott was born at Edinburgh and educated at the High School and University of the same town. Later he was called to the Bar, but he obtained fame as a poet and novelist. He made a collection of the poems and ballads of the Lowlands which he published under the title of *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. His own first important poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, appeared in 1805. This was followed by *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *Rokeby*, and *The Lord of the Isles*. He is, however, better known as a novelist than a poet. The splendid series of tales, chiefly romantic and historical, and known from the name of the first as the Waverley Novels, began in 1814. Among the best known are *Guy Mannering*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Quentin Durward*, *The Talisman*, and *The Fair Maid of Perth*. Their charm and magical influence led to their author being styled "The Wizard of the North". Scott's life was full of interesting events and it has been well told in a biography by his son-in-law, Lockhart.

Seaman, Owen, born 1861. Mr. Seaman was educated at Shrewsbury School and Cambridge University. He was for a time a Professor of Literature and was afterwards called to the Bar. Since 1906, he has been editor of *Punch* and to this weekly paper he has contributed many fine poems on current events.

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616. Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564, and is often described as the greatest of poets and dramatists. He went to London in early life, became connected with the theatre, and soon began to write plays on his own account, the first play, *Love's Labour's Lost*, being written about 1591. In all, Shakespeare wrote thirty-seven plays, and it is only by study and the repeated reading of his plays that his greatness as a poet can be really felt. Besides his plays Shakespeare wrote poems entitled *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, and *Sonnets*. His plays are often divided into Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Of the comedies the best known are: *The Merchant of Venice*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *The Tempest*; of the histories the most important are: *Richard II*, *King John*, *Henry V*, *Henry VIII*, and the Roman plays *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*; of the tragedies,

Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, and Macbeth are among the greatest ever written. In 1612, Shakespeare returned to Stratford and lived with his daughter until he died of a fever in 1616. He was buried inside the church of his native town.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 1792-1822. Shelley was born in Sussex of a good family and after school at Eton he went to Oxford. He was expelled from the University for writing a pamphlet entitled *The Necessity of Atheism*. In 1818 he went to Italy. There he met Byron and other poets, but was drowned in the sea by the capsizing of a boat near Spezia. Shelley wrote much poetry of high quality. Among his chief long poems are *Queen Mab, The Cenci* (a tragedy), and *Adonais*; among his fine shorter poems are *The Cloud, Ode to the Skylark, and Ode to the West Wind*.

Stevenson, Robert Louis, 1850-1894, was born in Edinburgh and was educated in the same town, being intended for a civil engineer. But he soon turned to literature and became famous as an essayist, novelist, and poet. His first romance, *Treasure Island*, is known to every schoolboy. His other chief stories are: *The Black Arrow, Kidnapped, Catriona, and The Master of Ballantrae*. He also wrote a strange allegory entitled *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. The poem given in the text is from a volume that he entitled *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Stevenson's ill-health caused him in 1890 to take up his abode in Samoa, a balmy island in the Pacific Ocean. There he died and lies buried.

Tennyson, Alfred, 1809-1892. Tennyson was the son of a clergyman in Lincolnshire and was educated at Cambridge, where he wrote a prize poem called *Timbuctoo*. In 1850 he succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate (see Austin, Alfred) and was made a peer in 1884. The poetry of Lord Tennyson is great in quantity, and includes, besides minor poems, *In Memoriam, The Princess, Maud, Idylls of the King*, besides the dramas *Harold, The Cup, Becket, and The Foresters*. On his death Tennyson was honoured with a grave in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Thomson, James, 1700-1748. Thomson was a native of Scotland and studied at Edinburgh. His chief work is a long descriptive poem entitled *The Seasons*. Some of his odes have much merit, but his dramas are now forgotten.

Wolfe, Charles, 1791-1823. Wolfe was an Irish Clergyman who wrote several pieces of poetry, the only one of note being *The Burial of Sir John Moore*.

Wordsworth, William, 1770-1850. Wordsworth was born in Cumberland, educated at Hawkshead Grammar School, and at Cambridge. For a time he went abroad and at first sympathized with the French Revolutionists. Returning, he made the acquaintance of Coleridge and lived near him for a time in Somerset. In 1799 he settled down in the Cumberland Lake District and devoted himself entirely to poetry, becoming Poet Laureate in 1843. Wordsworth is especially the Poet of Nature, as the *Tintern Abbey* lines well illustrate. He wrote many short poems, some of great beauty, and several longer pieces, among which are *The Prelude, The Excursion, and The White Doe of Rylstone*.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
All the world's a stage	2
A thing of beauty is a joy for ever	56
Blow, blow, thou winter wind	2
Break, break, break	74
Breathes there the man, with soul so dead	36
But let my due feet never fail	11
But most by numbers judge a poet's song	16
But the Consul's brow was sad	58
Come, dear children, let us away	76
Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake	88
England, with all thy faults, I love thee still	29
Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky	35
Fair Daffodils, we weep to see	8
For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see	71
From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony	13
From tangled brake and trellised bower	83
God of our fathers, known of old	93
Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of power	36
Hail to thee, blithe spirit!	52
Half a league, half a league	69
Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings	1
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee	10
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest	23
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank	3
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers	49
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand	15
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan	37
I see before me the Gladiator lie	45
Is life worth living? Yes, so long	84
Is there for honest poverty	80
It little profits that an idle king	71
I wander'd lonely as a cloud	32
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one	28
Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold	58
My mind to me a kingdom is	6
Music, when soft voices die	52
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled	24
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note	48

